

# Strangeland

Keane

Lover I remember  
Laying out a map  
Throwing our possessions  
In the van

Your tapes piled on the backseat  
And a camera in your hand  
Dressed for our arrival  
In the Strangeland

Strangeland blind  
You got no reason, you got no rhyme  
You give no time  
To put things right [x2]

You drove across the border  
As the winter rains ran dry  
And only fateful birdsong  
Filled the sky

You threw your head back screaming  
As we raced across wet sand  
And lept into the waters  
Of the Strangeland

Strangeland blind  
You got no reason, you got no rhyme  
You give no time  
To put things right [x2]

You wound the rope around me  
And you pulled the knots in tight  
And shook me like a bad dream  
From your sight

And now the things I've done to forget you  
Well it's not what I had planned  
The sweetest thoughts get twisted  
In the Strangeland

Strangeland blind  
You got no reason, you got no rhyme  
You give no time to put things right  
To put things-

Strangeland dreams  
You tore my baby away from me  
We get no time  
To put things right [x2]

You give no time  
To put things right [x4]